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CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1414.

Original Poetry.

TO S—— V——,

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ALLEN ALLOWAY.

Then will remember, will then not,
The once we met,
I post that holy day, and watched
The setting summer sun;
The lengthening shadows slowly crept
Toward us from the wood,
And there we walked of love, and wept,
In that quiet solitude.

The orchard just behind us stood,
Thick laden with its fruit,
Beyond stretched out the quiet wood
With golden light o'er clad;
From out the long distant downs arose
Clear tinkling sounds of sheep,
Whose cheerful tones blended the while
Before, I chose
Not entirely holly country; but
Where—as Freemasonry in
Amber-land, in England—
Each house of worship is
opened (when the Secretary
of State, or New Wales)
From to it, and though I
to the king he have it
not, I can't, and he
to alter it; nor would
after Secretaries to visit
could look like vanity in
it the king, if he
be often mentions with

narrowly we escaped
Welshmen," a title that
hand upon us if Penn-
ance of a name for the
Mr. Wright comes to
settlers at this court-
been a general dispon-
Cross to-day, to find how
Yet one and then set gone.
I see Mr Lindley Murray
To-past—and I'm alone
I'm night is declining o'er the ground,
And autumn darkly swell,
And with the night-wind's sighing sound,
Oh, God, herself—farewell!

New Haven, Connecticut.

Gems of Literature.

KATE BOUVERIE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON

CHAPTER I.

"Well, my dear Harry, I declare you've had better than ever to-day before was at your age. Let's see—let me count! Four prizes for Latin verse! I shall be much surprised." Such were the words addressed by a fond mother to a beloved son—her only son; and as she closed the sentence she dropped the eye-glass through which she had admired his successful exercises, and gave a sigh, I regret, partly to the memory of her husband—apparently to the very distant past [illegible] ears, which a minute opposite had, but still faded from her sight, and left her mind's eye dim and tear-clad into the [illegible] by her side.

"I beat Katie in rather odd, mother."

"What do you mean, my dear boy? she is a clever girl, and has been well educated, and you have been suggested to her reverse twelve years. What do you mean?" And the eye-glass resumed the position of the fair widow.

Harry Bouverie did not explain what he meant: but he let his face be partially hidden by his hand, and then his eyes wandered to his two sisters, the youngest of whom, Katie, was lying half asleep on the sofa, her long black eyelashes all but closed on the cheek of pale rich hue. Between her and her brother, sat, apparently reading, but occupied, too with her book than the subject of conversation, one of those beautiful girls, of a type quite distinct from that of the girls passed through last scene.

"Who shall vote for Scotland next week," said Miss Bouverie, in a tone which, from being in the one pleasant countenance of her rebellious daughter.

"No one, mamma," murmured Pamela; unpausing her wide blue eyes in astonishment at the idea. "Papa is quite determined in a week, the again resigned herself to a state of expectation, strangely contradictory, but in which an Anglo-Saxon would not comprehend.

Aunt's mode to reply, but the smile which had effected all that the mother's words could not, was not lost [illegible]

"I mean that Gertrude has turned out," thought the widow, as she withdrew her glance—"the most beautiful girl of her years—and has—nothing rare for handsome than Pamela," as the eye-glass was allowed complacently to rest on the resplendent proportions of the tall and graceful face of her youngest daughter, while a vague and rapid consideration of the different, and of course still bright aspect, for each of the girls passed through her mind.

Pamela was already a Duchess, when a tender-hearted friend had thought into another channel.

When Miss Bouverie was away with her present husband, and married him at Gretna Green, the Duke of Dunlo at least knew of the [illegible] then, she acted upon impulse; but having her own reasons, as before hinted, for concealing the [illegible] doctrine of actions, she had caused that she never would, and it was [illegible] that she never did do anything without a plan.

She had successfully learned and exercised a command of self-control in early life, which enabled her to conceal her feelings from the world, and to [illegible] the [illegible] of her children, and [illegible] purity.

In furtherance of this plan she had sent her daughter Gertrude to stay with General Bouverie and his daughter, during her own residence in Italy, for Pamela's health; and Gertrude had, in this plan, but letters in her absent child had always contained the most favourable accounts of Harry's every temper, talents, and capacity in return from the excitement and temptations of the world. The mother of [illegible] her daughter, attributing her own [illegible] to what she [illegible] pleased with the prospect of marrying her child to a Bouverie, and [illegible] the property of the family, looked forward with eager satisfaction to their arrival.

Katie, too, anticipated with transport [illegible] which had been realized not for her in [illegible] she looked forward to the promise all beautiful [illegible] she was steadily in love with Mr. Bouverie's [illegible] of his character and manners during that [illegible] but a little fear she had when she had last seen him, returned that she had [illegible] the [illegible] of her opinion of his affections.

Lady Catherine Bouverie, the General's wife, had been left a widow with but little fortune for her husband was for a length of time inconsolable. She had, however, married again, and [illegible] and romantic place, he had in Northumberland, and devoted her whole life to his little girl.

Both Bouverie and his wife were [illegible] but [illegible] age, the complexion and hatred of her native land [illegible] and [illegible] to a clear and hard, dry [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Interesting Letter.

LAMARTINE.

FROM THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF THE [illegible]

A friend who occasionally visits at Lamartine's invited me to accompany him the other evening to see the orator and poet at home, and I was not backward in accepting the invitation. We went at the usual hour, and after the ceremonies of introduction were over I took my station in a corner where I could best fulfil the purpose for which I had come, namely, to see and hear.

It was Lamartine's regular evening for receiving company, and perhaps seventy persons were present, and among them a good proportion were ladies. New visitors constantly came to fill the place of those who went, and the host was continually engaged in saying a few words to each as they entered; none of them were favored with any thing like a conversation, but as nearly all were old acquaintances, I noticed that in scarcely a single case this short greeting seemed to be an exchange of mere common place compliments; he spoke to them all as though he had something special to say to each. When there were any whom he wished to treat with particular attention he would lead them to Madame Lamartine, who sat among the ladies in another part of the room, and then turn to meet some new comer.

To stand still or speak on one subject for any length of time seemed difficult. He was now here, now there, though moving always with such a finished and natural grace, that there was no appearance of haste in his steps; he spoke, too, with an easy distinctness that gave the effect of deliberation to his language; his remarkable intellectual and physical quickness is natural and steady, not spasmodic as is often the case in men of that temperament; he is like a bird that flies swiftly without any whirring of its wings, a swallow for instance.

None of the portraits of Lamartine convey a good idea of his appearance; indeed I may say that none of them convey any idea at all. [illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO. We believe there was some understanding of the kind alluded to, and therefore have directed the charge to be cancelled. For the future, however, we shall be compelled to decline such an arrangement.

OSCAR GREENWOOD. We have received another fine letter from our friend Oscar, but at too late a moment to allow of its insertion this week. It shall appear in the next.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 66 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the *postage is just the same* [illegible]

NOTICE.

[illegible]

IRELAND.

[illegible]

D'ISRAELI'S OPINION.

[illegible]

MR. PICOT'S SCHOOL.

[illegible]

NEVER DESPAIR.

[illegible]

FREE WILL.

A correspondent of the Harbinger, the organ of the American Fourierists, in an article upon the Freedom of the Will, says:

If in the theory of creation necessitarian, there be in the universe only the Creator and the creature, how shall the latter possess anything which is underived from the former? The logical straits to which the advocate of free will is reduced here, are endless and inseparable. For if man be created, he can exhibit nothing which is underived from his Creator. If so, then his freedom is a gift of God. If so, then his accountability perishes. If so, then the scriptures are so far, not a revelation of truth. And yet to establish this, he entered upon his labor! Thus the advocates of human freedom, or of such a freedom in man as renders him justly accountable to God for his actions, find themselves crushed beneath the very edifice that pious but unskilful hands have reared to the divine glory.

We do not perceive the dilemma which the writer of the above establishes so clearly to his own mind. We do not see how it necessarily follows, that if "man's freedom is a gift of God," man's "accountability perishes." What is it, in fact, but stating, in other words, that if man's freedom is a gift of God, man's *freedom* perishes? For *accountability* and *freedom*, are so closely allied in meaning, that in the above sentence, one may be very fairly substituted for the other. But, to say that if man's freedom be a gift of God, man's freedom perishes, is simply to say that God cannot give freedom to man—which is the very thing to be proved.

In relation to the questions of Free Will, the existence of evil in the world, &c., we embrace this opportunity to say a few words. An argument of the following character, is sometimes put by the sceptical, which many find it hard to answer. It is asked why, if God be good, He did not so make man that he should not be inclined to evil—and it is asserted that God having made man with a liability to sin, God is the author of evil, and not the perfectly righteous Being that He is depicted.

Now this course of reasoning, which has found a lodgement in many minds, more captious and argumentative, than profound or reverential, should be always met with something more solid than pious exclamations of horror. Such notions are irreverent enough, we grant, but exclamations will not remove them. [illegible]

FASHION PLATE.

[illegible]

RIGHT.

[illegible]

NOT A SHAKER MISTAKE.

[illegible]

PLAINFIELD BANK.

[illegible]

REMOVAL.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL.

[illegible]

THE BALLOT QUESTION.

The following resolution was carried recently in the British House of Commons, in opposition to the Ministry, by a vote of 86 ayes to 81 nays:

Resolved, That it is expedient, in the election for members to serve in the Parliament, that the votes of the electors be taken by way of ballot.

The mover of the resolution, Mr. H. Berkeley, abandoned his advantage, from some unexplained cause, and gave notice that early next session, he would move for leave to bring in a bill for taking the votes at the election of members to serve in Parliament by ballot. This announcement was hailed with derisive cheers.

The vote by ballot is very much desired by the liberal party of England, as the present system, in which the voter openly announces his choice at the polls, is considered unfavorable to the poor man's freedom of choice.

ERROR.

The article on our first page headed "Scepticism *repulsed* by a flower," should have been headed "Scepticism *refuted* by a flower," as it was written.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.
NO. XVII.

A FEW BARS OF WELSH MUSIC—A CHILD'S HEAD IN COLORS.

New York, August 28, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—You are doubtless fully able to supply the weekly literary banquet which you serve up to an (as I am glad to see) appreciating public, with abundance of strong seasoning from the various excitements of the day. Indeed, in my mind's eye I can see you with an intellectual castor at hand, peppering the plain, wholesome cookery of your many contributors, with just enough of exciting incident to give it a piquant relish. There is fully as nice an understanding of harmonious proportion in the arrangement of a li- [illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

FOREIGN NEWS.

SEVEN DAYS LATER

SMITH O'BRIEN ARRESTED—BATTLE OF SLIEVENAMON A HOAX—INSURRECTION PUT DOWN.

The Britannia arrived at Boston on Friday week. She brings seven days later news, and made the passage in fourteen days:

The state of affairs in Ireland has not materially changed, though every day seems to lessen the probability of any serious outbreak.

That this unfortunate country is not now plunged into all the horrors of a civil war is not to be attributed to the disinclination of the people to rise in arms, but rather owing to the want of able and trustworthy leaders.

No serious disturbance in Ireland has occurred since the sailing of the Cambria. The Tribune's news of the battle of Slievenamon is proved to be, as was expected by everybody, a most outrageous hoax. William Smith O'Brien was arrested at the Railroad station at Thurles, on Saturday evening last, while in the act of procuring a ticket for Limerick, where, it is said, he intended to take refuge among his friends. Immediately after his arrest, he was marched to Bridewell, and subsequently was conveyed to Dublin, and lodged in Kilmainham jail.

After O'Brien's arrest, he is said to have expressed himself satisfied of the hopelessness of accomplishing his object, and that he was induced to leave his retreat in the mountains, because the further he went the more the people seemed to fear [illegible]

[illegible] culated in Thurles, that Mr. O'Brien had escaped to a sea-port in Galway, and sailed for America.

The news of Mr. O'Brien's arrest flew like wild-fire over town. People appear panic-stricken at the fate of the leader of the insurgent army. Evident discontent at his pusillanimous surrender without resistance, is the prevailing feeling among the lower classes.

The Kilkenny Moderator says:—"It is a strange and revolting fact, that about fifteen of the men, who, throughout the entire stay of Mr. Smith O'Brien in the county of Tipperary, formed personal guards, have become approvers and lodged depositions against him." It has been arranged that a special commission should be held in Tipperary, as soon as legally practicable, for the trial of Smith O'Brien.

[From the London Chronicle, 11th ult.]

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 9.—The answers given to me in reply to my inquiries respecting Mr. Smith O'Brien, represent that gentleman's position in a more favorable light than might have been expected, when the serious nature of the offence with which he stands charged is taken into consideration. He occupies the most comfortable apartments in the prison; they are situated over chapel, and directly opposite to the Governor's rooms.

He is permitted to take air and exercise without restriction in the yards, and to receive visits from the members of his family. His spirits are good, and he does not appear depressed. The privilege of visiting Mr. O'Brien is confined to his family and connections. An application was made by Sir Colman O'Loghlen to see him, and he received a letter in reply from Mr. Redington, the under-secretary, refusing to grant the permission sought for.

Let no man "lay the flattering unction to his soul" *that the spirit of disaffection has been crushed*; true it is that the wise and salutary precautions of the Government have saved the country from convulsion for the present, but the winter is fast approaching, the season for a bivouac will have passed, the troops must be drawn into winter quarters, and then the hour for mischief will have arrived.

[illegible]

Force party." But this was not the true distinction, for it will be remembered that it was the "moral force party," that invariably in the Association, and in the well-known attack on O'Brien and his friends at Limerick, used sticks and stones.

The real distinction was that, one party wished to organize the agitation with an ecclesiastical front, as O'Connell had ever done; the Young Irelanders, in order to gain the Protestants, resolved it should be lay and democratic. By means of their press they soon revolutionized the towns, (for it was a complete internal revolution in agitation,) and the overpowering majority became in each town Young Ireland men. But the country was not so accessible, as the peasantry are out of reach of newspapers, and so the country remained "Old Ireland" and "moral force"—in other words, under the control of the priests.

When, therefore, Lord Clarendon (to whose great sagacity I bear my humble testimony) concentrated the police and military in the towns, and then suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, he had the leaders of this concocted rebellion checkmated. The towns could not rise, on account of the great military force concentrated there, nor protect the leaders from the unlimited powers of arrest granted to the Lord-Lieutenancy. And when they were thus forced out of the towns into the country, they jumped, as it were, into a trap, for no clubs were organized, nor was there any force (the priests being opposed, and every where resenting the attempt made by the Young Irelanders to depose them from leadership) ready to follow their standard.

So signal a failure of a long cherished scheme of rebellion has scarce ever been known or heard of; but to the observant, it is less inexplicable than it appears to the multitude. One important cause of failure was the loss of Mitchel, the man of genius, and neglect of his advice. When he was taken, the leadership of the intellect of the party fell to Charles Gavan Duffy, editor of the Nation newspaper, who set about organizing clubs in the country, a scheme which Lord Clarendon did not permit him to carry out, as Mitchel forewarned him.

Mitchel's advice was, "Get arms! No organizing of paper armies, under the name of clubs, which will quail and vanish like flocks of sheep at the first sound of a bark, at the first demonstration [illegible]

Milan has been surrendered to the Austrians, and the whole of Lombardy is in the hands of the Austrians. This defeat of the Piedmontese army is probably the most rapid and complete on record. *Ten days ago Charles Albert was besieging Mantua and Verona, and now he does not command a man in Lombardy.*

GERMANY.

The liberty of the press was declared inviolable by the Diet at its sitting on the 4th ultimo. Capital punishment, branding, and bodily chastisement were also declared abolished.

The Diet, at its sitting on the 31st ult., took up the subject of the German Flag. The war flag is to consist of three horizontal stripes—black uppermost, with the imperial eagle thereon, red in the middle, and gold undermost. The commercial flag (to be hoisted by all German vessels) is of the same colors, without the eagle. The eagle to have two heads. The sixth paragraph of the fundamental rights, as it passed at this sitting, is as follows:—

"All Germans are equal before the law. There are no privileged classes. All titles, excepting official ones, are abolished, and cannot again be introduced. Public offices are open equally to all who are properly qualified for them. The right of carrying arms, and the duty of serving in the armies of the country, are equal to all. The system of proxies in the service is for ever abolished."

In the progress of the deliberations on the German Fundamental Bill of Rights, the question whether all privileges arising from noble birth should cease, was answered in the affirmative almost unanimously; the second, whether the title of nobility should cease, was negatived, 286 against 167.

NAPLES AND SICILY.

The threatened expedition of the King of Naples against Sicily, only tends to complicate matters. A fleet of sixteen vessels of war, under Admiral Parker, is cruising off Sicily, or in the bay of Naples, and it is feared that the English Admiral will deem it consistent with his instructions effectually to interfere should the King of Naples venture to put his expedition to sea. The Neapolitan Ambassador in London, has declared that any interference on the part of the English, will be [illegible]

THE MARKETS.

[illegible]

ENGLAND.

[illegible]

FRANCE.

[illegible]

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

[illegible]

LATEST NEWS!

FROM MEXICO.

By an arrival from Vera Cruz we have dates from the City of Mexico to the 13th ultimo. The Capital was quiet; Congress was debating the reduction of the Tariff.

The Government was vigorously administered by Herrera, who was becoming popular. Exertions are making to revive the commerce of Mexico, which has been entirely prostrated by the war.

The actual whereabouts of Paredes is not known, but it is supposed that he is concealed somewhere in the Capital. The revolution is entirely suppressed, and cannot for the present make headway again.

The Indian depredations, by the Camanches, still continue.

Vera Cruz at last dates was very quiet.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, August 26, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The English advices per Acadia somewhat strengthened the market for Superfine Flour in the early part of the week, but the demand has been to a very moderate extent, and only about 3,000 bbls have changed hands at \$5,25a5,30 for common and \$5,37½a5,62½ for good and choice brands of fresh ground Pennsylvania, and some old stock Western at \$5a5,12½ per bbl. Rye Flour is still scarce, with small sales at \$3,87½. Corn Meal—The market [illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUGUST 30.

[illegible]

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

[illegible]

Varieties.

VERY CURIOUS.

[illegible]

WOMEN.

[illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848.

A QUAKER POETESS.

A correspondent of the Ledger, of this city, tells the following anecdote of a Quaker poetess, which we understand is strictly true. The "distinguished British philanthropist" referred to, is said to have been a celebrated Quaker minister, now deceased, who visited this country a number of years ago, and whose writings have lately created much discussion among the Orthodox branch of the society.

Who has not heard of Virgil receiving ten *sestesses* per line, of the large sums paid Byron or Scott for some of their poems, of Lamartine's asking price—forty thousand francs,—for his tragedy, founded on the life of Toussaint l'Ouverture? But what is all this, friendly reader, to what I am going to relate to thee. And in order to do it, I must first tell thee a story—listen to me patiently.

It has been now sixteen or seventeen years since there appeared in one of the Philadelphia journals, under the quaint caption, "Lines Suggested by the Presence of the English Friends now in America," a poem, yes, a poem of forty-six lines, no more, nor no less. The effusion was what it professed to be, a congratulatory epistle, addressed to two English Friends, whose visit to this country was a mission of gospel love to the churches here. It happened, as it sometimes will accidentally happen, that, in casting their eyes over the journal they espied the article in question, and were pleased with the friendly feeling by which it seemed to have been inspired. The poem was anonymous, yet, upon the inquiry, they found that the writer was a fair countrywoman of ours, whose fame had hitherto scarcely travelled out of the limits of her own quiet country air. They sought an interview with this meek, unpretending Quaker girl, who, while she was penning the article in question, was little aware of the feeling it would awaken in the bosom of those warm-hearted Friends; nor did she dream of what this humble tribute of hers was destined to lead to. The interview was satisfactory, and a firm friendship commenced between the parties, so that when these public Friends, of whom we have spoken, had finished their mission, and were preparing to return to their homes, this young lady, by a warm invitation on their part, was induced to accompany them, and was introduced by them into the circles in which they moved—the Quaker aristocracy of old England. Some time after, a distinguished British philanthropist, now deceased, met her, and we presume was forcibly smitten with her charms, for not many years afterwards we find the acquaintance renewed, which had been ripened into an attachment, and they were accordingly united in marriage, offensive and defensive, as the lawyer would say, or as better expressed, "*sine injuria tibi ullus*," without injury to any one. A few years afterwards the husband died, and by his will it was found he had left his wife seventy thousand—seventy thousand pounds for forty-six lines of poetry!

AMERICAN GOLD.

Another counterfeiter of American gold coin has been captured at Boston. When arrested, he was found at work with a galvanic battery in full operation, galvanizing counterfeit quarter eagles. One hundred and eighteen counterfeit eagles were found. In regard to the increase of counterfeits, Thompson's Bank Note Reporter says:

We are again impelled to call attention to the fact that a large amount of spurious American gold is now in circulation. There are different processes by which silver pieces are made to represent gold; the most successful is that of galvanizing them, which imparts a clear, mint-like appearance to the piece. Another process is that of plating, but this leaves the piece with a heavy, pasted appearance, and consequently less likely to deceive. The former (galvanic) process is the most likely to deceive, particularly as the pieces are made rather larger and thicker than the genuine, and this probably is the best method of detection—first compare them with the genuine in size and then in weight.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 154—adults 56, and children 98.

Political Intelligence

MORE LETTERS.

Another letter from General Taylor or, rather an extract from one, is published in the Charleston, S. C. papers. It is addressed to a gentleman of that city. It is as follows:

"I never had any aspirations for the Presidency, ...

MR. VAN BUREN.

Mr. Van Buren has written a two and a half column letter, announcing his acceptance of the nomination of the Buffalo Convention. He enters into a long argument to prove the justice and constitutionality of opposing the extension of slavery into any of the territories of the United States; and expresses the opinion that while Congress has the right, it would be impolitic to exercise the power of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia; although he would not veto a bill for such an object, if passed by Congress.

Mr. Van Buren advocates the improvement of rivers and harbors, though he inculcates a careful guarding against the great liability to abuse, in this respect. He approves of the doctrines of the late Silas Wright, upon this subject.

He unites with the sentiments of the land reformers, relative to the public lands, with some slight differences.

He prefers a system of direct taxation to the present one of collecting duties by imposts on goods imported, but for the present supports a tariff for revenue.

On the whole, he adopts, with certain "explanations," that modify but do not essentially alter their character, the platform resolutions of the Buffalo Convention.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Charleston Mercury, which is generally supposed to speak the sentiments of the Calhoun party of South Carolina, and which has hitherto affected neutrality on the Presidential question, declines publishing any more communications in favor of Gen. Taylor, and says the Legislature will probably cast the vote of the state for the Democratic candidates. It says:

"When forced to a choice between the nominee of the Whig party and the nominee of the Democratic party, we declare our preference for the latter; and we cannot doubt, that, for the same reasons, the Legislature of South Carolina will cast the vote of the State for Cass and Butler."

Miscellaneous.

WHO STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON?

As our readers may frequently have seen this phrase used, and yet be ... we copy the following ... Knickerbocker.

We have heretofore ... dotes of the somewhat ... well known as an ardent ... first founder of a temperance ... latterly a prominent ... "The Colonel" was for... he was a member of the ... of the fire and military ... colean in his proportions ... inches in his stockings, ... nose. He it was, at ... "Struck Billy Patterson" ... corded at the time by ... M. Walter.

"Patrick Mahoney was ... among his Irish brethren ... was looked up to on ... his countrymen; held a ... in the broad aisle, carried ... was a 'smart' one, too, ... one. He was a stickler ... and large: did not like ... courage, however, (a ... chiefly at his tongue's end ... fight hard with words, ... fight; always had a ... strongest side, and had ... when the 'jaw' was over ... have their share of fighting ... was an intimate friend ... friend; the other half ... brother; and Billy was ... trouble, but hadn't quite ... rick in getting out again ... that Billy Patterson after ... a worse one than in the ... rick, like a good Christian ... in Church during this ... good man should have been ... have been no trouble; ... happen to go to Church ... otherwise engaged, a part ... terson—better luck to ... the hands of a tall fireman ... as stature; one whom ...

LIFE.

BY CURRER BELL.

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are sad clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
Oh why lament its fall?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by,
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly!

What though Death at times steps in,
And calls our Best away?
What though sorrow seems to win,
O'er hope, a heavy sway?
Yet hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.
Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage quell despair!

A SHOOTING ANECDOTE.—It is rather dangerous going out on a shooting excursion with a green 'un, who has never had any practice in the collineomaniac art—as the following amusing anecdote, from the memoirs of Sir Thomas F. Buxton will testify:

Once, when staying with Mr. Coke, at Holkham, a well known professor was also one of the visitors. The venerable historian had never had a gun in his hand, but on this occasion Mr. Coke persuaded him to accompany the shooting party; care, however, was taken to place him at the corner of the covert, where it was thought the other sportsmen would be out of his reach. When the rest of the party came up to the spot where he was standing, Mr. Coke said to him—

"Well, what sport? You have been firing often?"

"Hush," says the professor, "there it goes again," and he was just raising his gun, when a man walked very quietly from the bushes about seventy yards in front of him. It was one of the beaters who had been sent to stop the pheasants, and his leather gaiters dimly seen through the bushes had been mistaken for a hare by the professor, who, much surprised by its tenacity of life, had been firing at it whenever he saw it move. ...

A NOVEL CASE OF LYNCHING.—Two long bearded gentlemen were detected a short time since stealing two jackets from a stable. The owners of the garments waited until they had accomplished the robbery, when they seized and tied them together, matted their beards, and smeared them with warm shoemaker's wax. As soon as this was cool, they applied dry snuff to their noses alternately, and such a concussion of noses, such spluttering as ensued, it would be difficult to imagine. A large assemblage of persons enjoyed the fun immensely.

A GREAT FEAT.—A great crowd collected in St. Louis lately, to witness a man climb up a liberty pole 220 feet high, and set the American flag on the top—and then *haul the pole up after him*. He accomplished the first, but postponed the other until sufficient rain shall have fallen to loosen the earth around it!

HYMEN ON THE DEEP.—During the passage of the packet ship Wyoming, which arrived at this city not long since from Liverpool, an English lady and a Danish gentleman united their fortunes for life, preparatory to settling in our Great West. The minister who made them one, was from far off India.

CAUTION TO SMOKERS.—A Mrs. Lawrence, residing at Hamstead Plains, Long Island, while riding the other day in a wagon, had her clothes take fire from the ashes of her husband's pipe. She was so badly burned that she died in a short time after being taken to a neighboring house.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOUND.—A gentleman passing through the transfer room of the Bank of Pennsylvania, the other day, found a thousand dollar bank bill upon the floor. The loser, to his infinite joy, was in the afternoon put in possession of his lost treasure.

EXTRAORDINARY.—The English papers say that the Jews of Safet and Tiberias, are about to petition the Queen to appoint Mr. James Cohen as British Consul. Mr. Cohen is a missionary sent by the Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews.

Fashions.

LADIES' FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

...

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a notice of the new firm and enlarged paper (we ask not that they shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new firm.

... those affecting the stomach alone are nausea, heartburn, loss of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, sour eructations, sudden flushes of heat, frightful dreams, cold feet, pains in the limbs, through the chest, &c. The sympathetic affections are very diversified.

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PLAIN HATS FOR FRIENDS ...

Selected Poetry.

PAST MEMORIES.

BY J.G. WHITTIER.

How the live moments from the lengthening chain
Of memory at the sunlight of their!
Old thoughts which long in silence have lain
Old dreams come thronging back again.
And boyhood blows in me;
I feel its glows upon my cheek,
And curious and keen more clear than day.

For me, the quiet eye hath smiled,
My pastures of thy touch are still,
If not half a widow, half a child,
Thy very tenderness beguiled,
And daily toil of care and wine is thine.
I love one smile when she but hears,
The sight of poetry's loveliest face I framed,
Yet lent the while that wondered's power
A tenderer lines of light around its flower.

Years have passed on, and left their traces
Of sorrow and deeper thought,
And note me as calm, cold face
Of manhood and to thee, the grave
Of woman's passive beauty brought
Its rich, rough hint, its truths and pains.

The extended boy's more broadly drawn,
Closer, in the grave and quiet ways
Of matronly gentleness known.

And wiser yet, in strength and mood,
One still crowning point indeed,
Time, the Governor's supreme mood,
While summers by my spirit's seed.

The Yorkshire peasant's simple life
For time, the priestly rite and power,
And holy day and solemn pause.
For me, the science of the hours,
My business gather, slow and calm.

Yet look thy quiet left on me
An impress Time has worn out not
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see
Lifting my life in my way.
The waking up the heart withers
That issue of its better hours
May yet see Time's dark shadow move
To meet on that the past of flowers.

The Moralist.

THE YOUNG MILLER; OR, THE OLD MAN'S TALE.

The survivors of Malakoten are amongst the richest in the rich and fertile province of Lima. The verdant patriarchs which surround this little town are amongst the finest in South America, and attend lucrative and highly cultivated fields diversify the scene, whilst the bold mountain-ranges of the Yungas lend a certain grandeur to its aspect. The landscape, alternately rural and wild, arrests our attention each moment by some fresh contrast. Beyond these meadows sprinkled with flowers, these golden cornfields, and blooming orchards, the mountains appear in the distance, covered with their dark pine woods, which cast a gloomy shadow over the valley beneath; and yet the snow-line background serves only as a setting to the landscape—a cheerful character predominates throughout. The hamlets are white and glistening, the fields perfect eternally kept, and the roads shady and pleasant. Here and there may be seen little way-side inns, used, not so much as resting-places for the wayfarer, as points of rendezvous for the neighboring peasantry, where the young men meet to talk pleas for amusement, the maid-servant to escape from some domestic care, and the more advanced in years to enjoy the remembrance of their youth.

Several guests were seated on a bench at the door of one of these rustic taverns, and their boisterous merriment proved that the glass had not circulated in vain. The entertainer, who might easily be recognised by the care he took daily to replenish the glasses of his customers, was seated on a bench at the further of his, but whose furrowed countenance indicated the indulgence of violent passions. His dress showed him not to be long free of a poor but man of a workman. He had just called for a bottle of country brandy with which to regale his companions, when one of the party, looking up the road, exclaimed,

"Bong another glass here at once for my old cousin," said the giver of the treat; "I must have a glass with Old Warlock."

The new comer, whose approach had been the herald, was a man far advanced in life, whose hoary grace and antique garb which is peculiar in the parts to the west of Andalusia. He walked with a firm step, much assisted once for all by his staff. Silence, during his while on a staff formed from a knotted vine. His countenance was venerable, and yet full of cheerfulness. At once as he came within hearing, all the guests rose and bid him to join them, and the source of the entertainment was not admitted to treat him.

"Good-day to you, neighbor," said the old man, in a friendly tone; "and good-day to you, Stephen, and all of you. Is it here, then, my friends, that you pray to God on the holiest day?"

"And you, Father Bernard," inquired Stephen, "from what church are you coming here thrown, the mother-one?"

"I am coming from the greatest of all earthly temples, my children; even from that whence it came in the purpose of the mothers, and whence must be the harmonious voices of all creation."

"That is to say, you are coming from your own fields," replied Andrew. "Well, sit down there and drink, and tell us whether your wheat looks well?"

"Tell me first of all, how you happened to be in the country now?" replied the old man to the host, at himself at the place which had been left vacant for him. "How long has Mr. Richard's self been able to get on without you?"

"What are Richard and his mill to me?" exclaimed Andrew, whose countenance darkened at this question. "I care as much about them as I do about what is going on in the moon."

"Have you quarrelled with your master, my son?" inquired the Father Bernard.

"I have no longer any master, Father Bernard," hastily replied the young farmer. "I am my own master now, and may it hereafter have nothing to grind, unless it be old Father himself! never will it have cousin grain to grind."

He then began to recount to the old man the history of his misfortunes which had led him to be living the mill, of which he had been for ten years the miller, managing its business and its circumstances, against his return, when he accused of the basest ingratitude.

The Old Archbishop listened tranquilly to the whole recital, and then calmly replied, "You have done wrong, my son, in quitting your mill; and you are to your master's feelin dentist. All you have advanced may appear to you true—but—but you are not a judge of the matter."

"And do you think that I am the one most interested in that?" inquired Andrew; "do you think Richard what he thinks about it? no and his mill might stopped, and every ray that kept stood still and him of fifty ounces—but in, of fifty pieces of hi flesh. The old miser will not want of vexation even before he is ruined. And this is what makes me so jovial to-day, Father Bernard, because what cannot fail to be to-morrow, pleases me at least of all good fellows. Here, more glasses, my friends, and let us drink to the confusion of the *Jew of Malakoten*."

The Archbishop lent no relief of the challenge, and asked Andrew what he thought of it.

"I," exclaimed the latter, "I think that I am to lose like a foreigner. Either you obliged to close all at once, and to lose my profit well before we could be in the least prepare for it—must to me, I mean to have a merry time of it."

"And you have begun to put this plan in execution?" inquired the old man.

"As you see, my good friend," replied Andrew, whose utterance was becoming somewhat indistinct, "as sits laying the taste of an old friend on the table before him. Long may it continue to be so to me! Let us have some little *liqueur* here quickly. that may sustain the taste of the wine."

But the old man, to save us the last tasted the fore drops of cheerful friends that is about to be present out for him, purpose to go on his way. Andrew, however, seemed resolved to detain him.

"Say, dear father," he continued, "there is always time enough to go to bed, and to rise early in the morning."

"Yes," said another, "and must sing us some of the old German hymns."

"Oh yes and tell us stories out of the Bible," added a third.

The Old Archbishop made some attempts at excuses, but they had no effect on his merry circle. And for he was carried off, then he and, and family he was forced to remain with the whole of Andrew's.

The old man showed no symptoms of ill-humor at this species of friendly violence which was effected him. "Everything your give way to friends," said he, cheerfully; "for since you will keep me in spite of myself, you must take the consequences, and put up with one of my accustomed."

French away—punch away, then, Father Bernard," exclaimed the merry group, with one voice; "no one will ready us long."

This exciting acquiescence was ready to be accounted for, by the knowledge possessed by Andrew and his companions, of the nature of the old

THE BOY WHO TOOK THE PRIEST'S ADVICE.

A Priest going along on Sunday, on the road, met a boy in a very ragged dress, sitting on a stone. "Well, my boy," said the Priest, "what do you do?" "Well, my boy," said the boy, "and why don't you go to the chapel?"

"Oh," answered the lad, just to go to hear them the nonsense of the ringleaders of my clothes," said the boy.

"And who may your parents be, and what are they doing, that they don't see you have clothes, and send you to the chapel?"

"I can't exactly say," replied the boy, "since they may be doing just as they please, and I am not to say what they do."

"How was that?" asked the Priest.

"Why, God bless your reverence! I got up early in the morning, as you advised me, and went to the chapel, and I did so for a week or two, and then I stopped in quietly and got behind the door, and began to sleep, and when I awoke, I found it was just as your reverences said it would be—They were always busy dragging instruments of music directly. When I first went in, there was nobody there; but presently there came a blind man, and he put his dog at the door, and then he took his body here" and when nobody answered, he I kept quiet, and he said, 'I would say what Providence would be after; the blind man entered, and soon his way to the door, and he put his dog there, and then presently another blind man came and put in his room, and said, 'Is any body here?' And the first blind man answered, and said, 'There is indeed; and who are you?' And the second blind man answered, and said, 'I am a blind man, and I want a place to sit down in.' And the first blind man answered, and said, 'Then you are welcome to it, for I am blind, and have been blind these seven years, and nobody ever cared to visit me.' And then they began to talk of their misfortunes, and how they were to get their living, and the first blind man said, 'I have been remembering that by examining eye ointment for sore eyes, and I have been getting a good deal about that, for I can easily satisfy your wish,' said the second blind man, 'for I have been taught how to turn him into a blind and sober beggar for you! You have only to pay me the price of the beautiful ointment.' And the second blind man paid the stipulated Orb. 'The right eye.' Gladly would I pay it, if it were already gone!'

"The young man had hardly entered the world, when he was overtaken by a violent fever, and he was carried to the hospital, and Otto found himself at the same moment blind of an eye. He felt at first somewhat discouraged; but he soon consoled himself, and could only converse myself on that man for his misfortune, and he was very much astonished